

DELL

NOV.-DEC.

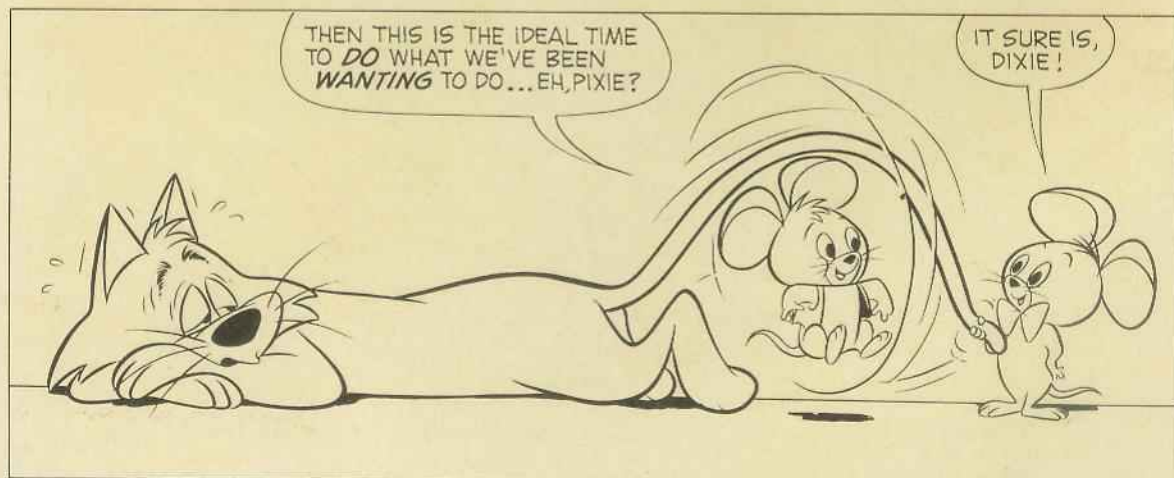
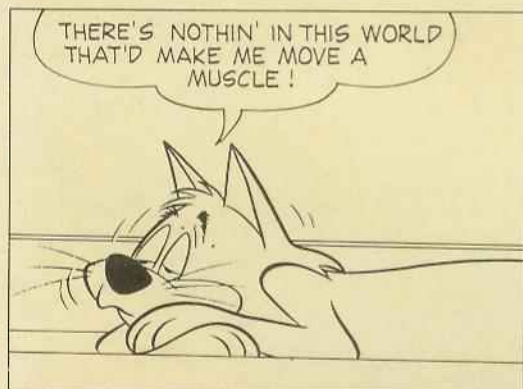
Still 10¢

Huckleberry Hound



PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

A CAT TALE



Huckleberry Hound

SIMPLY GRAND GRANDDADDY



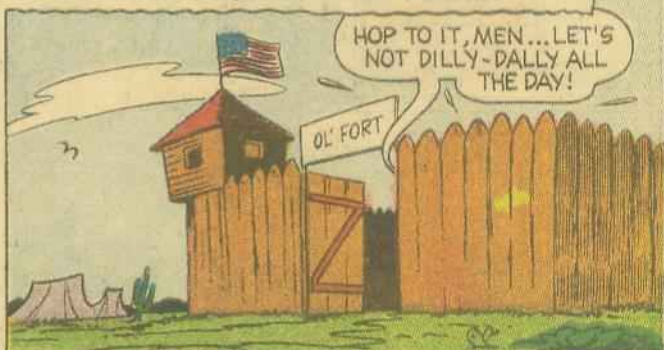
Y'KNOW, IF DIARIES COULD TALK, I'LL BET THIS ONE WOULD BE YELLIN' "OUCH!" IT BELONGED TO MY GRANDDADDY! HE WAS AN INJUN-FIGHTER TYPE FELLER BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN THE WEST WAS WILD AND WOOLLY!



HE LOOKED JUST LIKE ME...OR I GUESS IT'S VICEY-VERSA! ANYWAY, I'LL READ YOU WHAT HE HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS INJUN-FIGHTIN' DAYS...



"IT WAS MONDAY MORNIN', AND AS USUAL, THINGS WERE REALLY HOPPIN' AT TH' OL' FORT..."



HOP TO IT, MEN...LET'S NOT DILLY-DALLY ALL THE DAY!

"MONDAY WAS WASHDAY, SO NATURALLY I WAS CLEANIN' MY GUN!"



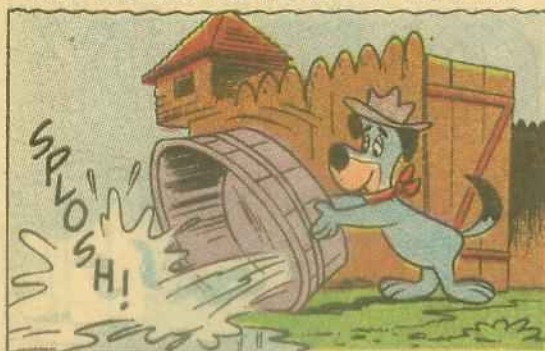
OH, SCRUB-A-DUB-DUB... MAH SIX-SHOOTER'S IN TH' TUB! ♪♪

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND, No. 8, Nov.-Dec., 1980. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Ave., New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Executive Vice-Presidents, William F. Callahan, Jr., Paul R. Lilly; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. Application for second-class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions and Canada 60c per year. Subscriptions for Pan-American and foreign countries \$1.10 per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1980, by Hanna-Barbera Productions.

This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers. Sales of mutilated copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for premiums, advertising, or giveaways, are strictly forbidden.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

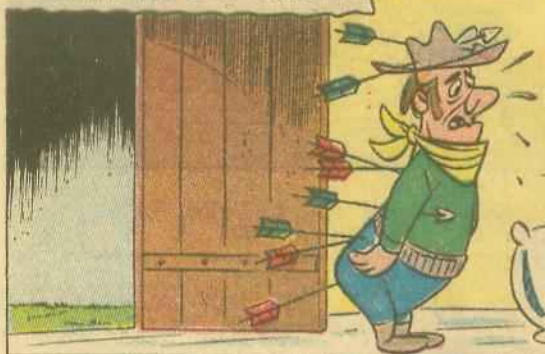
"I FINISHED EXTRA EARLY, AND HAD A BIG TIME PLANNED FOR THE REST OF THE DAY..."



"BUT I DIDN'T GET VERY FAR WITH MY SIESTA, 'CAUSE JUST THEN THE **DOOR** BURST WIDE OPEN... ALONG WITH MY **EYES!**"



"IT WAS ONE OF OUR VERY BEST SCOUTS, LOOKIN' HIS VERY WORST!"



GUESS WHAT!

WELL, EITHER IT'S INJUN TROUBLE OR ELSE YOU'RE PLAYIN' A LI'L JOKE ON ME!



THIS IS FOR REAL! CHIEF CRAZY COYOTE IS ON THE **WAR PATH!**



TCH! LET'S GO TELL THE GENERAL!

GENERAL BUSTER, SIR ...GUESS WHAT!

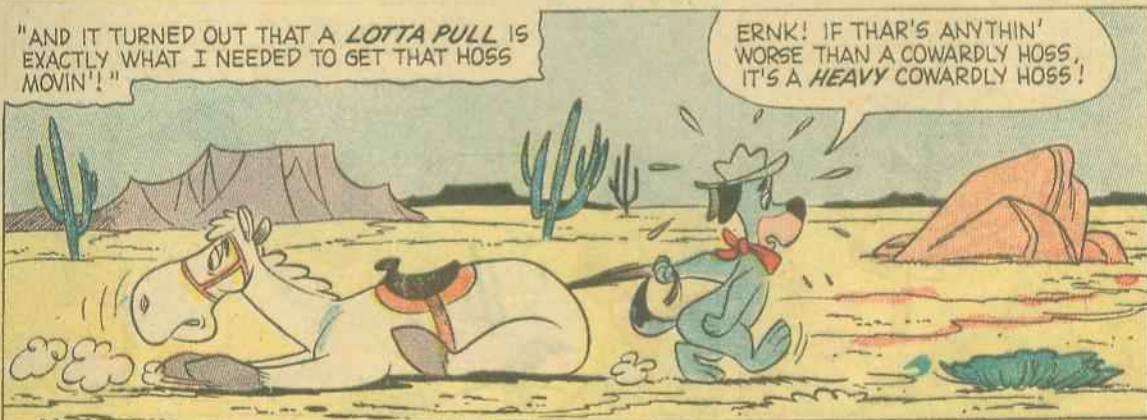
I ALREADY KNOW, ALREADY!

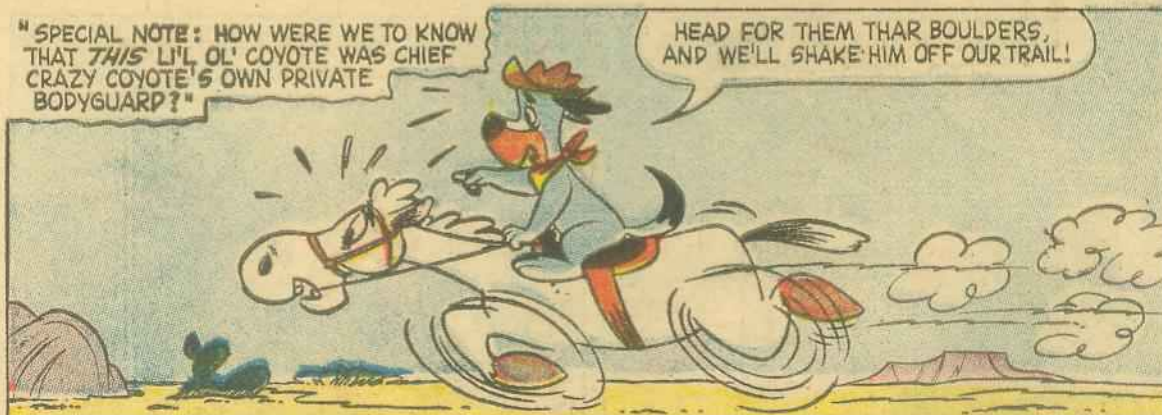


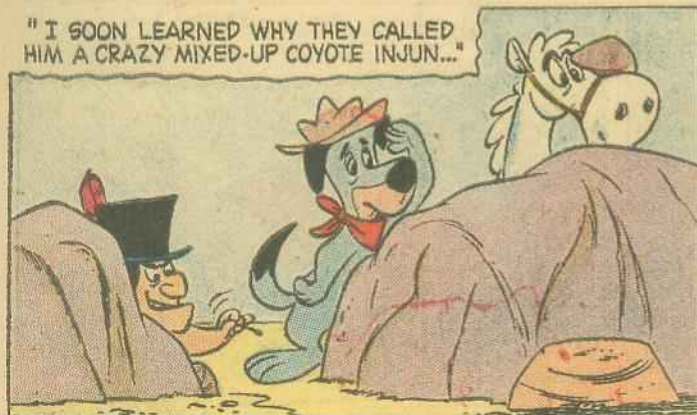
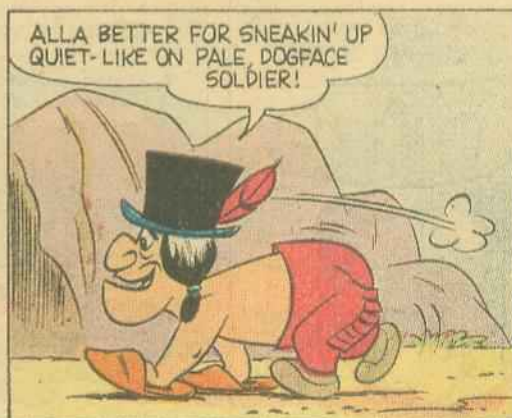
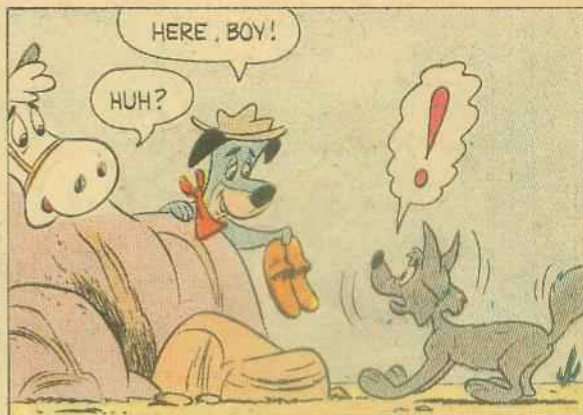
NOW THEN, PRIVATE, I NEED A VOLUNTEER TO VOLUNTEER FOR A YOU-WON'T-COME-BACK-ALIVE-TYPE MISSION!

UH-OH! THAT TYPE, EH?











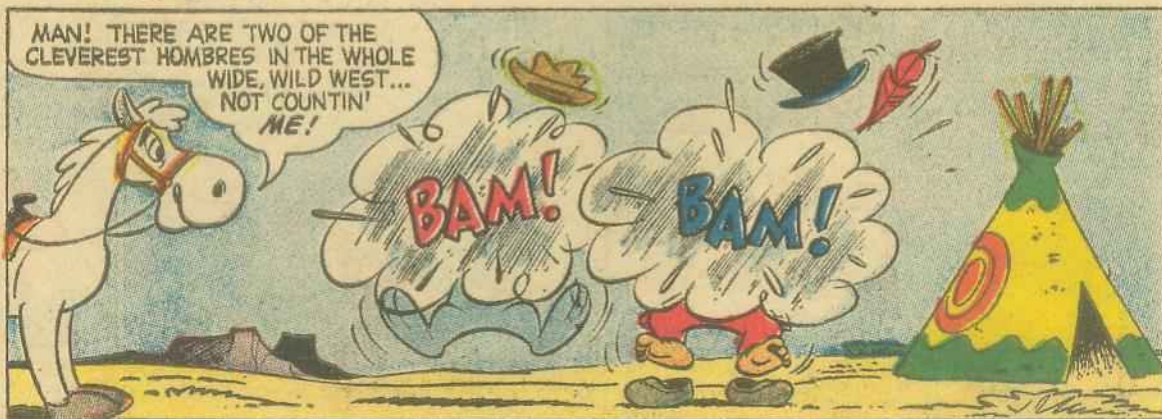


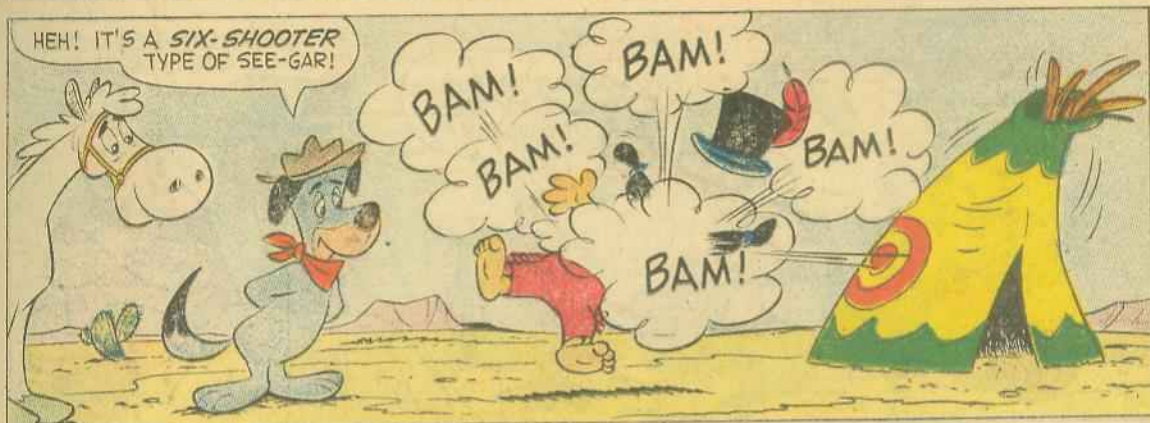
"IT TURNED OUT THE HAT WAS GETTIN' OVER A *SECRET TUNNEL*..."



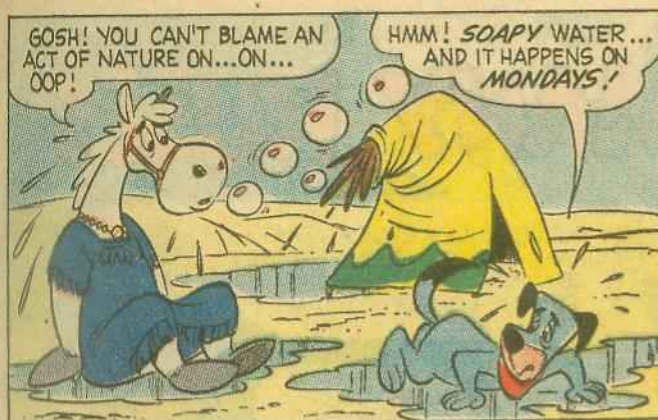
"SO WE FOLLOWED CHIEF CRAZY COYOTE
LIKE UNDERGROUND AGENTS..."











YOGI
BEAR

TOO MANY RULES



RULES, RULES, RULES! THAT'S ALL THEY HAVE IN THIS NATIONAL FOREST! I'M GETTING SICK OF 'EM! THEY MAKE ME SO MAD I COULD SCREAM!

GEE, YOGI... DON'T DO THAT!

DON'T FEED THE BEARS

DON'T PICK FLOWERS

NO FIRES PERMITTED

KEEP OFF GRASS



WHY NOT?

AAAAAHHH!!



CUT THAT OUT, YOGI! IT'S AGAINST THE RULES TO SCREAM IN THE PARK!

I TRIED TO WARN YOU, YOGI!



COME ON, BOO BOO... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOGI?



BEING A SMART-TYPE BEAR, I'VE MADE SOME PLANS TO LEAVE THIS RULE-RIDDEN WOODS AND START MY OWN NATIONAL PARK!

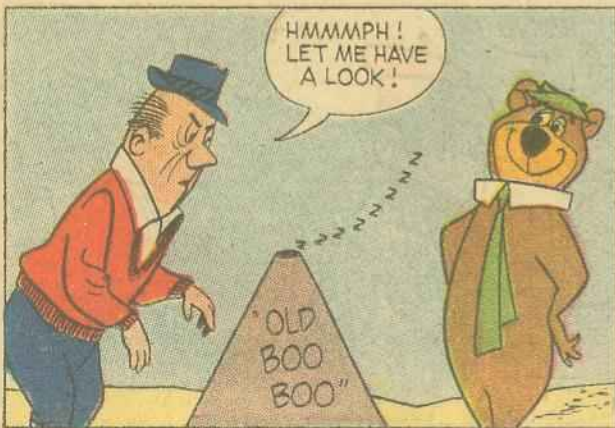
NO KIDDING, YOGI?















PIXIE, DIXIE
and MR. JINKS

JUMPING JACK JINKS

HOPPO
WORLD'S CHAMPION
JUMPER

WILL MEET
ALL COMERS!



OUT JUMPO HIM AND
\$ WIN BIG CASH PRIZE! \$



HMM! I
COULDN'T
WIN, BUT
I GOT AN
IDEA WHO
COULD
DO IT
FOR
ME!

I'M REFERRING TO A COUPLE OF
REAL NERVOUS-TYPE MEEGES!
THEY'RE THE **JUMPIEST!**



WE'LL SEE WHICH ONE OF THE LITTLE BOUNDERS
CAN BOUND THE FARTHEST! (CHUCKLE!)



WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED TO
MR. JINKS, PIXIE?
WE HAVEN'T HEARD
BOO OUT OF HIM
ALL DAY!



BOO!

YEEEEK!

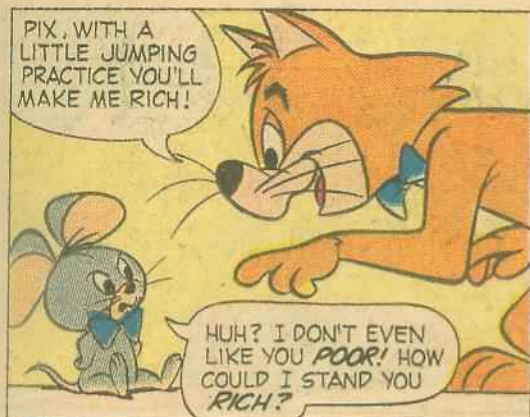


WELL, GUESS
THAT ANSWERS
YOUR QUESTION,
DIXIE!

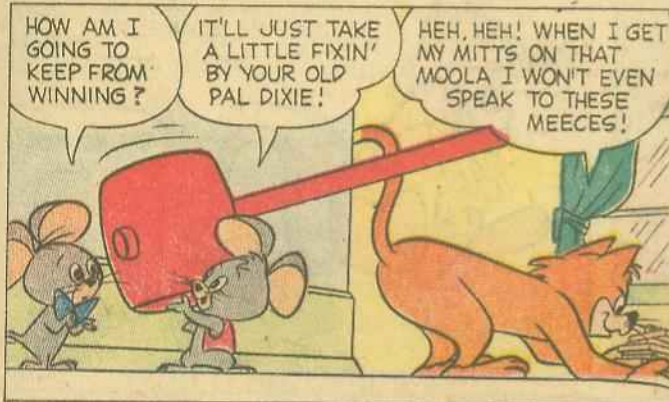


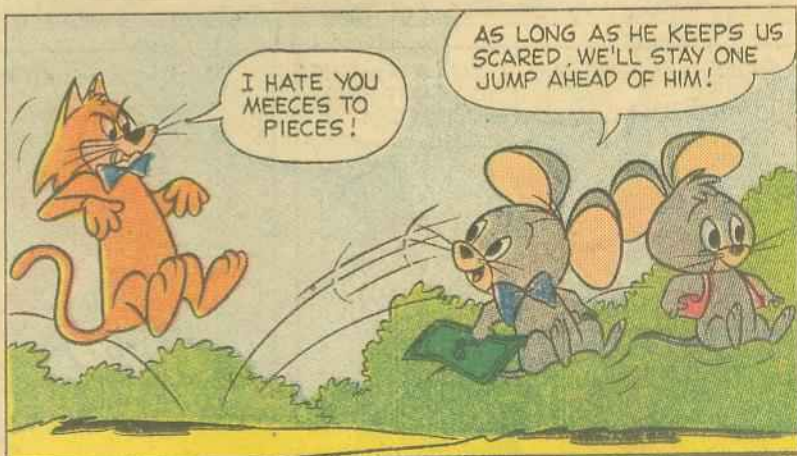
PIXIE'S THE ONE WITH
THE POSSIBILITIES!













One morning following a rainstorm, Biddu Buddy discovered to his surprise that one of the fishes who usually swam in his pond was missing.

"Wak!" he quacked with concern to Mother Duck. "Where do you suppose he went? He's never left his home before."

"I know," Mother Duck replied with a worried ruffle of her tail feathers. "Last night's storm flooded the river. Maybe he was swept downstream by the current and all the fallen branches in the water."

"Is it all right if I go and look for him?" Biddu asked hopefully.

"All right, dear, but don't go too far away," Mother cautioned.

Biddu Buddy thanked his mother and swam out of the protection of their pond and into the current of the river.

He poked his head under water, looking to right and left as he swam, but even after a full hour spent in searching, he hadn't found the fish.

Biddu hopped up on a floating log to rest for awhile, and as his gaze traveled further down the river, he spied a familiar-looking fish in an isolated pond that had been created by the recent flood waters. Biddu quickly plopped into the water again and made his way over to the edge of the pond.

"That's the same fish who was in my pond, all right!" he clucked with dismay as he peered into the water.

Biddu looked around and saw that the entrance to the pond had been sealed off by the receding flood, and now the fish was trapped inside.

"Oh, dear!" he moaned. "How am I ever going to help Mr. Fish out of there? I can see he's trying to get back to the river by

himself, but he just can't make it, even though it's only a few yards away."

Biddu Buddy waddled back to the river, determined to find somebody who could solve the problem.

He tried his best, but discovered to his sorrow that nobody could figure out a way to help him.

As he swam slowly back towards the pond, he passed a group of beavers busily felling trees with their sharp teeth. He explained his plight to one of them.

"I might be able to dig a channel from the pond to the river," the beaver said thoughtfully, "but, golly, I just don't have the time to do it now. I've got to repair the damage done to my home by the flood or it's liable to wash completely away."

Biddu's eyes glowed with a sudden idea. "You can get wood and help the fish at the same time," he said excitedly. "Follow me!"

The beaver followed Biddu back to the pond, and Biddu pointed to a tree near the edge. "There's a nice tree for you," he explained, "and it'll help Mr. Fish, if you can make it fall into the pond."

"That's easy," the beaver nodded.

Biddu shooed the fish to the edge of the pond closest to the river while the beaver worked.

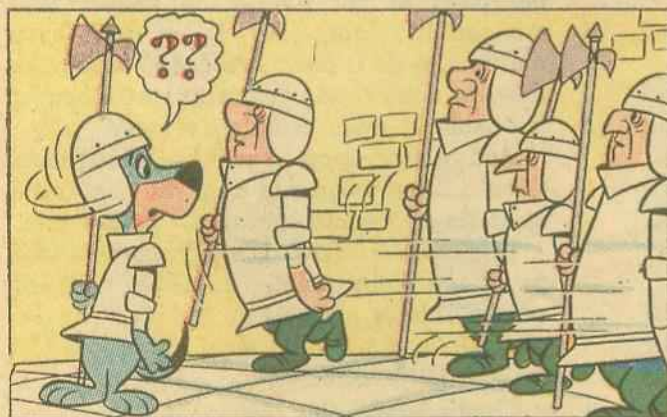
Some time later, the tree fell into the pond with a great splash. The fish went flying into the air with the spraying water and plopped right into the river, just as Biddu had hoped he would.

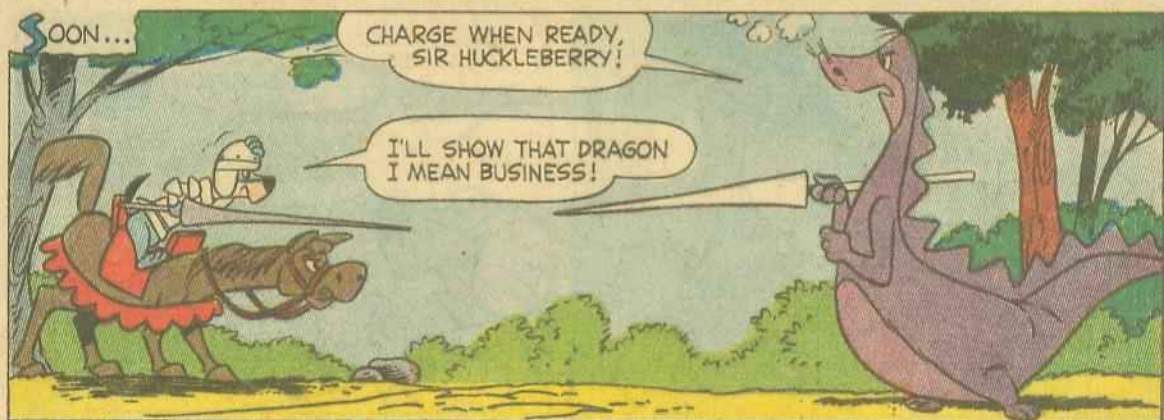
"Wak!" Biddu quacked as he thanked the beaver for his help. "Mr. Fish will be able to do a little bragging to his friends from now on. He'll be able to tell them that he's the only flying fish in the whole river!"

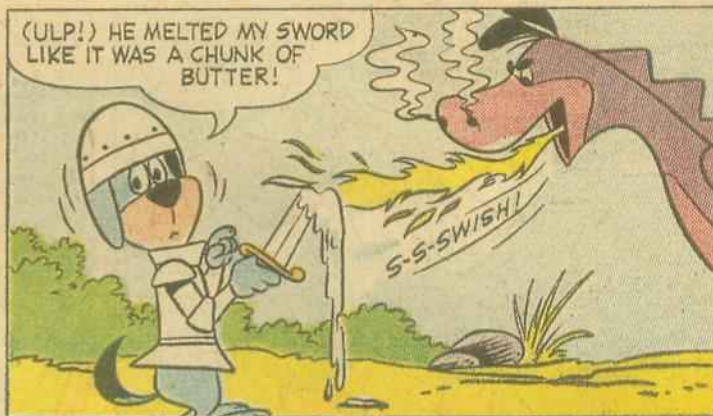
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

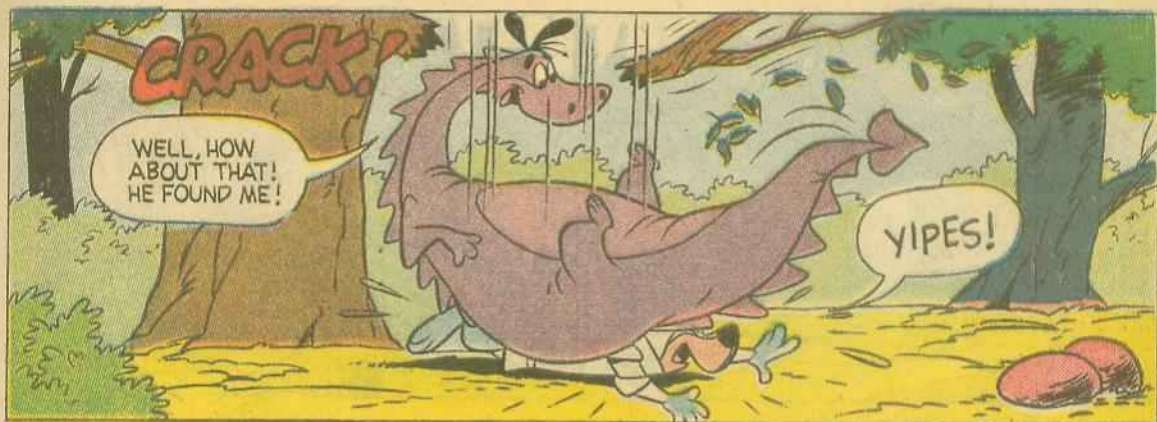
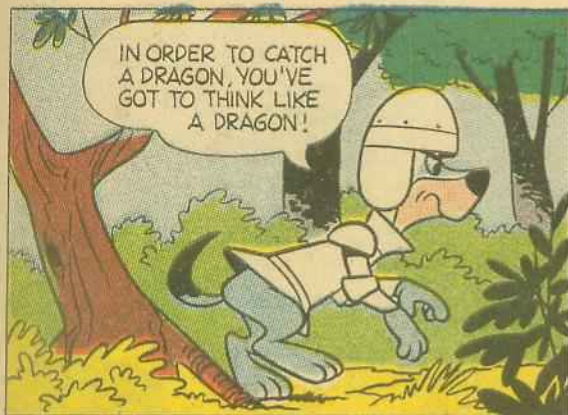
SIR HUCKLEBERRY and the DRAGON

BRAVE KNIGHTS, THERE IS A
FIRE-EATING DRAGON IN MY
KINGDOM! IF THERE IS ONE
AMONG YOU WHO WILL
VOLUNTEER TO CAPTURE
THE BEAST, LET HIM
STEP FORWARD!



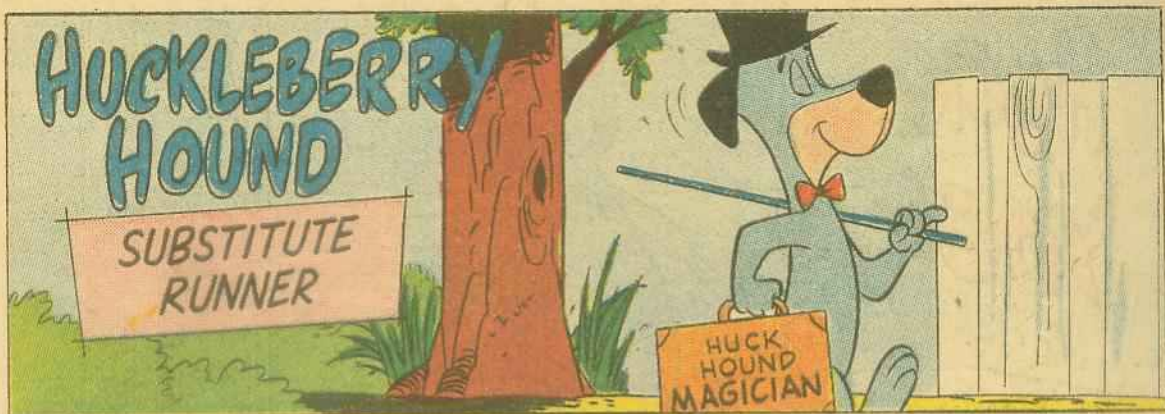












HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

SMILE, PLEASE

